



The Chairs, Strike, Back.



👁 21 ✓ 1 ★ 3

Chapter 1 by Cat4055

"Laurel! Hurry!" Chris yelled while running up the stairs of my house.

"Chris, wait, there's a chair-" I was cut off by a scream of pain, then silence. I looked back, the chairs were getting closer. I back up to the front door, fumbling with the handle. I pulled it open, swung myself out side, a hurriedly closed the door. I never thought the day would come that we would live in fear of chairs.

Chapter 2 by Queuezle



The revolt started only a few days ago. I can't blame them, though.

Can you imagine being a chair? Constantly sat on, kicked, knocked over, stacked in over-crammed piles that make landfill piles look like melting mounds of butter.

They just get...

Objectified, y'know?

For a few hours, the revolt was just a small rebellion - whenever you tried to sit on a chair, it would fall over as soon as your butt would touch it. Stools were deemed 'safe' by the government... for now.

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